

REALM OF THE IMAGINATION.

Ruskin's Idea of the Men the World Calls Geniuses.

I believe that the noblest forms of imaginative power are in some sort ungovernable, and have in them something of the character of dreams; so that the vision, of whatever kind, comes uncalled, and will not submit itself to the seer, but conquers him, and forces him to speak as prophet, having no power over his words or thoughts. Only, if the whole man be trained perfectly, and his mind calm, consistent and powerful, the vision which comes to him is seen as in a perfect mirror, serenely and in consistency with the rational powers; but if the mind be imperfect and ill-trained, the vision is seen as in a broken mirror, with strange distortions and discrepancies, all the passions of the heart breathing upon it in cross ripples, till hardly a trace of it remains unbroken. So that, strictly speaking, the imagination is never governed; it is always the ruling and divine power; and the rest of the man is to it only as an instrument which it sounds, or a tablet on which it writes; clearly and sublimely if the wax be smooth and the strings true, grotesquely and wildly if they are strained and broken. And thus the "Iliad," the "Inferno," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Faerie Queen," are all of them true dreams; only the sleep of the men to whom they came was the deep, living sleep which God sends, with a sacredness in it, as of death, the revealer of secrets.—Ruskin, "The Stones of Venice."

A LIFE AT STAKE.

Your life may be at stake when you notice any sign of kidney or bladder trouble as Bright's disease and diabetes start with a slight irregularity that could be quickly cured by Foley's Kidney Remedy. Commence taking it at the first sign of danger. Sold by all druggists and dealers.

Children's Work of Charity.

The children of Laconia, N. H., are raising a fund to furnish a children's room in the new hospital. The primary department of the South church Sunday school has donated a large number of their pennies, which, together with that already given by two little girls, makes a snug nucleus toward the fund. The little tots are entering heartily into the movement and are joyfully planning to bring their mite to furnish and supply a room which will brighten the lives of the more unfortunate children of the city.—Manchester Union.

The Czar's Heir.

The Russian imperial children lead a healthful outdoor life, for the most part at Tsarskoe-Selo, always with a powerful guard of soldiers and secret police agents just beyond their range of vision. It is a wonder that the poor little grand duke, who is the heir to the dignity of czar, is not already overwhelmed by his title. His greatest joy in life at present (he is nearly three-and-a-half) is a golly-wog dressed in blue and red, for possession of which he occasionally fights with his youngest sister, Princess Anastasia, who is six years old.

Puzzle for the Patient.

Stranger—My friend, why are you swearing so?
Cussity—Why? Because of a blank fool of a doctor. I got pills for a pain in my back, and the directions read: "Take one a half hour before you feel the pain coming on."—Harper's Weekly.

This Is Said To Help Many Mix This Simple Recipe At Home.

Get from any prescription pharmacist the following:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Shake well in a bottle and take a teaspoonful dose after each meal and at bedtime.

The above is considered by an eminent authority, who writes in a New York daily paper, as the finest prescription ever written to relieve Backache, Kidney Trouble, Weak Bladder and all forms of Urinary difficulties. This mixture acts promptly on the eliminative tissues of the kidneys, enabling them to filter and strain the uric acid and other waste-matter from the blood which causes Rheumatism.

Some people who suffer with the afflictions may not feel inclined to place much confidence in this simple mixture, yet those who have tried it say the results are simply surprising, the relief being effected without the slightest injury to the stomach or other organs.

Mix some and give it a trial. It certainly comes highly recommended. It is the prescription of an eminent authority, whose entire reputation, it is said, was established by it.

A druggist here at home when asked stated that he could either supply the ingredients or mix the prescription for our readers, also recommends it as harmless.

MORE DESIRABLE THAN BEAUTY.

Writer Makes Good Argument in Favor of Neatness.

We all long for beauty, but there is within the grasp of all women something even more desirable than beauty—namely, exquisite neatness. The writer has descended on the desirability of neatness more than once, but it is something that will bear to be talked about more than once, or twice, or even a dozen times. "Faith," says Pat, when reproved for lying, "O! have such a respect for Truth, O! wud not be dhragging her out on every occasion." The writer differs in this respect from Pat. She has such a respect for neatness that she would be dragging her out on every occasion.

A man who had traveled much and seen many women in many countries, said the other day, "I prefer neatness to beauty. Beauty does not last, while the woman of 80 can still be charmingly neat." By neatness he meant more than simple tidiness. It included style and care and taste and the indefinable art of putting on one's clothes properly. It is a faculty, alas, that Canadian women do not possess to any extent, says a writer in the Montreal Herald. They doubtless inherit the lack of it from their English ancestors, who are noticeably untidy. The mass of Englishwomen do not seem to know the meaning of the word. Their skirts and belts always separate at the back. Their hair is never beautifully coiffed like the Frenchwoman's, their whole aspect is frowny to an extreme. Of course, this does not apply to all Englishwomen. There are exceptions to every rule. On the other hand, the Americans are neat, and hence smart, for it is impossible to be smart without perfect neatness. They have a trim, trig way of wearing their clothes that gives a style to the cheapest ready-made. If you cannot be beautiful you can at least be charmingly neat. And neatness has an attractiveness that mere beauty lacks.

Diabolo in the Past.

More diabolo discoveries. In the National Library at Paris are two prints, one entitled "The Game of Diabolo at the Beginning of the Last Century," the other entitled "The Devil for Four (the old diabolo)." Two couples are playing diabolo excitedly in a room; the furniture is upset and the mirrors broken. Another design is entitled: "The Good Devil, How He Goes!" A young woman throws a big, simple fellow in the air, and from his pocket fall pieces of gold. In the same picture is another woman, with her diabolo cord round the neck of a man, with the inscription below: "See how we lead them!" Diabolo raised a furor in France in 1812. It was then, according to the Figaro correspondent, imported from England, and an English caricature of a later date represents a great Wellington sending to St. Helena's a very little Napoleon riding on a diabolo. Long before the revolution of 1789 some missionaries in Peking sent an exact reproduction of diabolo to a French minister of state who collected Chinese curiosities. The Chinese are always found to have forgotten everything we are beginning to learn!—Dundoo Advertiser.

A Sailor and a Chow Dog.

At the hour when women were making afternoon calls one day last week a man attired in the uniform of a sailor in the navy attracted a good deal of attention in West Fifty-fourth street, New York, by something he carried under his right arm, a something that looked at first like a white bundle, but which, on closer inspection, proved to be a Chinese chow dog that the sailor was trying to sell. The little animal was unusual enough in itself to catch the eyes of the women who stopped to speak to the sailor about it. But more unusual than that was the way in which the tiny pet was clothed as protection against the cold. He not only wore a coat with "sleeves" for his front and hind legs, but he also had his furry head covered with a veritable baby's hood, with a ruffle around the front of it, the cap being tied under its neck with red ribbons. The "costume" attracted quite as much notice as the chow dog did so long as its owner remained in sight on the block.

Future Hardwood Supply.

America's future hardwood supply must come mainly from the Appalachian mountains, according to the forest service. The other chief centers of production are now in the lake states and lower Mississippi valley, but in the former the presence of hard woods is an almost certain indication of rich soil, and the tracts once cleared are turned to agricultural uses. In Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi the production of hard woods has reached its height, and in Missouri and Texas it has begun to decline. The Appalachians contain the largest body of this timber remaining in the United States, and have the greatest variety of species. Rightly managed, their forests would produce 20,000,000,000 feet per year, since their soil and climate combine to make heavy stands and cause rapid growth. Much of this area, however, has been so damaged by fire and cutting that it will be years before its 75,000,000 acres are fully productive.—Leslie's Weekly.

Queens.

"You may not believe me," said the conceited beau, "but I called on four ladies last night."
"What!" snorted the poker fiend, "you must be a quitter. I'd keep on raising all night if I had a hand like that."

PROVED STRENGTH OF HABIT.

New York Business Man Had Poor Idea of Economy.

"Some people have queer ideas of economy, don't they?" said a Wall street man. "The other day I was waiting with a man on an 'L' station to go down town. He saw a friend on the opposite platform and called over to him to come across and go down with him to his office on a matter of business. The man said he would, and after asking the ticket chopper to pass the word over that his fare was paid handed out a cigar to the chopper and came over to our side. He was greeted with a laugh by the man who had called to him, and naturally asked what it was for. 'Didn't you give that ticket chopper a 15-cent cigar?' asked the friend. The man admitted that he gave the kind he usually smoked. 'Well,' said the other, 'why didn't you just come across without saying anything about it, pay your fare and save a dime?' The man rubbed his chin and looked serious. He had become so accustomed to tipping everybody for any sort of favor that he never thought of the other plan.—N. Y. Press.

NOW TALK OF OVER-EDUCATION.

Complaint in Germany That It Is Made Too Accessible.

In Germany there is a strong movement against over-education of the masses. The complaint is that too many schools of various kinds exist and that education is made too accessible. The result is an "intellectual proletariat"—a large and growing class of educated men for whom there are no places in the professions and the various services of the state. The salaries or earnings of engineers, physicians, lawyers, teachers, architects, and so on, have steadily decreased by reason of excessive competition or oversupply of the market. The teaching profession, in particular, is so congested that men have to wait years and years for permanent positions, with the benefits connected with them. And it is a fact that this "intellectual proletariat" furnishes thousands of recruits to the social democracy, the party of discontent and radical ideas about social reorganization.—Los Angeles Times.

Had Right to Be Judge.

The following pretty story of Mme Teresa Careno, the pianist, is told by one of her pupils, just returned from abroad: It was after the performance of the Grieg concerto in London by Mme Careno. The audience was storming. Suddenly a voice called out "Bravo, Bravo. I have never heard it played better." Mme Careno graciously acknowledged the compliment, but was visibly annoyed when the possessor of the voice, an old man, kept repeating it three or four times. The old man apparently noticed the artist's disapproval of his impulsive action. He got up from his seat and said: "Well, I ought to know what I am talking about because I wrote this concerto myself." Mme Careno had failed to recognize in the little old man Norway's greatest composer, Edward Grieg.

Borrowing from a Woman.

"I have to work awfully hard these days," said the business woman, "in order to help my men friends. You have no idea how many of them come to me for help. I don't know why, unless it is because I generally keep a great appearance of being well-to-do. I had a letter this morning from one of them that just about broke my heart, asking for a little money. No. He isn't a borrower. He is one of the brainiest of men I know, who is all at once up against it on account of the financial stringency, and hasn't a dollar to his name. Of course I sent him the money. There was nothing else to do. But I wonder sometimes whom I could ask for aid if I needed it as badly as that."

The Growth of Greed.

Greed grows with groveling, and some men have a positive genius for it. Witness the millions that they are piling up to no good end, and for no great purpose. These millions speak well for their greed—if anything can speak well of greed—and this is the only tribute that will ever be paid to them—that they succeeded well in what they started out to do. As witnesses to their success they can call the ghosts of ruined men, hungry women and starving children, and there will be no one to dispute their testimony. Such is materialism in its commonest form and in its coarsest aspect.—Joel Chandler Harris, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Lived in a Boomerang.

A citizen of Tennessee recently built a handsome country home on Lookout mountain in bungalow style. Some of his friends, anxious to see the new residence, inquired the way of a party of small boys and girls, saying: "Can you show us the way to Mr. G's house?" "Yes, sir," was the response, "but it isn't a house."
"What is it, then?" quizzed one of the gentlemen.
"Why, it's a—It's a—" stammered the boy, "it's a boomerang!"

Jocos.

"I suppose that success in a campaign depends on electioneering?"
"Somewhat," answered Senator Sorghum, who was in a particularly jocos mood; "and somewhat on collectioneering!"

SAVED MERCHANT FROM RUIN.

Word from J. P. Morgan Brought Needed Financial Help.

A Washington treasury official who has just returned from New York tells a story illustrative of the effort of J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York financier, to stop the financial depression.

A Jewish manufacturer had been operating his business for some time on credit. His notes fell due early in November, and he went to a bank to get them renewed. Though he had been a large depositor and was known to be a man of scrupulous honesty, the bank declined to grant him an extension, insisting that he should pay his notes on the day they fell due. This was impossible, and bankruptcy stared him in the face. He went to a friend and asked him what he should do.

"No bank will loan you a cent," said his adviser. "I have it. Go to Mr. Morgan and state your case to him."

"Oh, he won't do anything for me," the manufacturer responded hopelessly. "But I'll try, anyhow."

Mr. Morgan received him courteously and listened to his statement. Then he turned to his phone and rang up the bank.

"Mr. So and So is in my office," he said, "and tells me you have declined to grant him an extension of his notes. It is just such people as you who are making the condition serious. Unless those notes are renewed, I shall make it my business to ruin you."

Then the financier turned to his caller.

"I think," he said, "you will find the bank willing to extend your notes."

LAUNCHED THE NEW AUTHOR.

Magazine Writer Tells of the "Discovery" of Bret Harte.

A copy of the Overland Monthly had fallen into my hands, and I was exceedingly interested in a sketch, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by an author whose name I had never before heard. I asked Mr. Fields to read it, and he cared more for it even than I—being much older and wiser—and he very soon dictated a letter to Mr. Harte, begging him to send something to the Atlantic (whose editors, so far as I have known them, have always anxiously watched for promising new authors).

The reply, which came in due time, I think, not only expressed a willingness to become a contributor, but spoke of the writer's probable departure from California. I cannot say how long it was before the Harte family reached Boston and became the guests of Mr. Howells in Cambridge. I only know that it was the time when every man was quoting from "The Heathen Chinee," and generally carrying the verses in his pocketbook.

There was, I thought, a good deal of curiosity felt about the office as to the sort of man the suddenly popular author would prove to be. He was found good looking (and exceedingly well dressed), extremely self-possessed, with a gracefully friendly and even affectionate manner to the new business and literary acquaintances of his own age in the establishment, with whom he speedily became intimate.—Atlantic Magazine.

Nobody Spared.

Kidney Troubles Attack Logan Men and Women, Old and Young Alike.

Kidney ills seize old and young alike—

Quickly come and little warning give.

Children suffer in their early years—Can't control the kidney secretions. Girls are languid, nervous, suffer pain.

Women worry, can't do daily work. Robust men have lame and aching backs.

Old folks, weak, rheumatic, lame, Endure distressing urinary ills.

The cure for man, for woman, or for child

Is to cure the cause—the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney pills cure sick kidneys—

Cure all the varied forms of kidney suffering.

Logan testimony guarantees every box.

Mrs. Alex Lewis, living at 41 North Fourth West St., Logan, Utah, says: "I heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills not from my own experience as I have not had occasion to use them, but on behalf of my daughter. She had been visiting us last summer and while here was taken with a severe attack of kidney complaint and backache. She was suffering so severely from pain in her back that she was hardly able to get up or down from a chair. She had used Doan's Kidney Pills and was well acquainted with their merits and procured a box at the Riter Bros. Drug Co. They gave her almost immediate relief, she continued using them until she had taken the contents of two boxes when she was cured. She thinks there is no remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Wanted:

Good Farms at Once.

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THE HANSEN REALTY COMPANY.

Successors to Hansen Bros.

LOGAN, UTAH.

"FIGHTING BOB" WAS READY.

Railroad Man Cowed by Determination of the Admiral.

It is doubtful if any city in Wisconsin the size of this one floated as many flags the other day as did Appleton in honor of the departure of the Atlantic fleet under the command of Admiral R. D. Evans. One of the chief reasons that the local interest was shown is on account of Evans being so well known here, he having been consulting engineer at the time the plant of a local paper company was constructed. It was during Cleveland's term and Evans was captain on leave of absence for a year.

One thing characteristic of the sailor was shown at that time. He had to put across the right of way of the Ashland division of the Chicago & Northwestern road a high bridge which connects the acid tower on a high hill with the mill in the valley. The road officials objected to the bridge and to stop the work had switch engines playing up and down the right of way, with the section crew on hand to offer resistance.

Evans gave a note to one of his men, who returned in half an hour with a dozen rifles and ammunition. Evans stepped up to the section foreman and in his bluff way remarked:

"The first man who offers resistance will get his — carcass filled with lead."

The bridge went up and has been in use for years.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Great Pianist Works Hard.

How conscientious are the great musicians who enjoy the favor of the public was recently shown in the case of Ignace Paderewski, who, the day before he played his sonata here, spent seven hours at the piano in practice and consented to leave it only when he realized he would be too fatigued to play in public if he did not have rest. Although the pianist is in robust health this year his way of life is as out of the ordinary as ever. He never goes to bed until three o'clock in the morning. He plays the piano until 11 or 12, then reads and spends the rest of the night until bedtime in smoking cigarettes and writing letters. He usually rises at noon. All that he gets of exercise is the piano or when he is playing rounds.—N. Y. Sun.

CONFERENCE

Salt Lake City, April 4, 5, 6.

The usual low round trip rates will be in effect via the Oregon Short Line for Conference. Tickets on sale from all points up to Spencer, Idaho, and La Grande, Oregon, (except Ogden and stations south) April 2nd, to 5th, inclusive, limited for return to April 15th. Tickets on sale at Ogden and stations south, April 1st to 6th, inclusive, limited to April 12th. See O. S. L. agents for further particulars.

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PILLS

The surest, best and quickest cure for all forms of Stomach and Liver Disorders. They act mildly, cleanse and tone up the entire system. Used for over 60 years. Get a box to-day, at your druggist's. —25 cents.—

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Full line of Grass and Clover Seeds Pop Corn, Sweet Corn, Baled Hay, Oats; Mill Stuffs, Potatoes, Onions, Salt and Seamless Sacks.

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